

## Got You on My Mind by User\_name\_330

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**Summary:**

Billy can't focus on school. He's too busy reminiscing about his first date with "Stacy". And give Steve a hard time as well, of course.

## **Got You on My Mind**

### **Author's Note:**

So I really wasn't going to go back and do a Billy POV for the first install of this series. But enough of you marvelous maniacs asked for...so yeah.

This installment takes place the Monday after Billy's and Stacy's first date. I really like writing in Billy POV; in my version of him, he can actually be a very caring person. He just has a dirty mind and likes to say fuck a lot. My kind of guy!

Comments and feedback always welcomed and appreciated.

Billy knew two things for certain: that Metallica was the greatest band ever. And Stacy was an amazing cocksucker. Okay, maybe it was a bit sloppy and there was still a lot of room for improvement. Clearly it was the guy's first time ever giving head, but shit, that made it even more hot. His wide doe-eyes looking up at Billy while he gagged down on his cock. The way spit and cum dribbled down his chin. How he let Billy fuck his face, moaning around him.

The best part was that Stacy got off on it too. The guy might have thought he was slick, palming his own dick under the skirt. But Billy caught it; he wanted so badly to return the favor. Stick his head under that acid wash denim skirt and suck him dry. Watch the other boy squirm as he tongued his oversensitive cock head before turning him over. Billy could imagine Stacy bent over before him. Ass in the air, skirt pushed up his waist, cotton panties pulled his to the side, as if offering his pink hole as a present. How he should have eat him out, right there on side of the road. If someone were to drive by what would they see? Probably some slut getting the best rimming of her life. Billy thought of all the place he'd fuck Stacy and how'd they get away with it. Just a couple of horny teens, people would think, not even suspicious of what they were hiding.

Reality snapped back in place as Mr. West, his history teacher, slapped the homework assignment down on his desk. The man glared at Billy, not appreciating him day dreaming in the middle of class. Not that it mattered, he'd already covered this work at his last school. This assignment wouldn't take him more than a couple minutes to finish. Which left him plenty of time to ponder the real problem: 'who the fuck is Stacy?'

What did he know about the mystery boy? Aside from the amazing potential of that mouth. No, focus. He was tall for a girl, but fairly average height for a guy. His skin was clear and pale and perfect. And his eyes were deep and the most gorgeous shade of brown. 'Shit, I got it bad.' Billy mused to himself, thinking about how pretty his boy was. *His boy*. The end of class bell rang, jarring him for a moment from his thoughts. The blonde shook his head, trying to clear his mind.

'Fuck. What the fuck's wrong with me?' He thought strolling the hallway. Billy had never been this far gone on somebody before, especially so quickly. What was it about Stacy that turned him into such sap? A guy from the basketball team called his name and Billy gave a curtesy nod. A group of senior girls stood near his locker and he winked at them, biting his lower lip for emphasis. The group giggled and waved hi, but none of them really caught his attention. Not when a pretty brunette on his knees kept playing thought Billy's memories. But he still had a reputation to uphold, being the new king of Hawkins and all.

The thought made Billy realize something, he hadn't seen Harrington all day. The guy had been avoiding him of course, Billy still owned him for the split lip. Almost as if summoning him, Steve rounded the corner, pausing when he and Billy made eye contact. At first Billy thought he saw a pink flush on the other boy's cheeks, but then

Steve's face twisted into a scowl. His eyes narrowed, darting back and forth between the blonde and the group of girls now surrounding him.

Billy smirked back as him studying the look. 'Jealousy.' That was conclusion he came to; Steve Harrington was jealous. 'Of course he is. I'm the new king and now his sorry ass has to watch all the ladies fawn over me.' The blonde's wicked grin grew wider. Steve watched him closely as he leaned into the girl closest to him. He couldn't remember her name, Kathy or Karen maybe? But she had long blonde hair and big boobs, so she did the trick. Billy leaned in ever farther brushing his lips to her ear as he whispered loudly, "That's a real pretty skirt you have on."

He looked up in time to see Steve, red faced and stomping down the hall. "Bet he looks even better off." Billy added louder, knowing the brunette heard it with how he stumbled over his own feet. The group of girls giggled, a few boys who overheard whooped, and the girl ('Kitty, Kathleen, what the fuck was this chick's name?') clung onto his arm with a leering smile.

After some less then subtle maneuvering, Billy was able to pry his arm free just as the last bell rang. Final period was Econ with Mrs. Oswald, a middle aged, menopausal woman who cared more about her upcoming retirement than shaping young minds. Billy liked her. She would often call people on their bullshit and was prone to leaving the class to their own demise.

As Billy entered the classroom, Mrs. Oswald was fanning herself with a copy of *The Great Gatsby*, "Today Hargrove." She rasped pointing to the last open seat, right behind Steve. Billy sauntered down the aisle way, making sure to bump Steve's desk with his hip.

The brunette's pencil and notebook fell to the floor, causing some loose papers to scatter. "Aw, geez Harrington, look at this mess. Don't worry, I'll give you a hand." Billy's voice was mockingly sweet. But Steve was quick, retrieving the papers before he could even bend down. When Steve reach his pencil, Billy step on it at the same time, causing it to break in half.

Steve glared up at Billy who gave his signature smirk in return. "Damn, now look what you've done. But hey, I'll make it up you, you can borrow mine." He slip his own writing utensil from behind his ear and held it out to the other boy.

"No thanks." Steve's jaw was clenched tight and he was grinding his teeth. Billy couldn't help but notice how red his face was getting.

Billy bend down to hover closer to Steve ear, his voice low and chastising. "C,mon princess, I'm just trying to be a gentleman."

A hard shove against Billy's chest sent him stumbling backwards into another desk. Steve's face looked like a tomato and a mixture of anger and horror crossed it. "The fuck you just call me?" He spat. This was it, Steve made the first move and Billy was going to finally break that pretty little face of his. He grabbed the front of Steve's polo, cocking his fist back.

Before he could connect however, something wizzed past his head and slammed into the back wall. It was a copy of *The Great Gatsby*. Every eye slowly turned to the front of the class where Mrs. Oswald stood huffing and just as red faced as Steve. "If you two are done dicking around, I'd like to get class started. Harrington, take the

lavatory pass and go cool down. Change you're tampon while you're at it." Some of the class snickered at the teacher's remark. But Steve gladly sulked out of the room, not bothering to look back a Billy.

"Hargrove," Mrs. Oswald shouted. "Pick up that book. And the rest of you little shits: simmer down, shut up, and start reading chapter three in you textbooks. One peep, Wheeler and I will assign a pop quiz, I swear by all things holy." The older woman shot a challenging look to the mousy girl who's desk Billy collided with. All of her papers had ended up on the floor too but Billy wasn't feel as gentlemanly anymore to help her pick them up.

'What's Harrington's fucking problem?' Billy pondered once he finally settled into his seat. True, Billy was an asshole who stole the other boy's crown and title. But Steve's never given him a reason to treat him any differently. Since day one the brunette has either avoid him or would glare at him. Billy would sometimes catch Steve with a curious expression, like they had met before but couldn't remember where. But when Steve realized he had been caught staring, his face would quickly morph into a sneer and he'd often have a insult to go with it. "Fuck you Hargrove. You drive like a maniac and you're music is shit." Billy didn't even know what that meant, but it goaded him to bullying the other boy even more.

The thing was, Billy probably would have thought the guy was cute, if he wasn't such a stuck up priss. Steve had a nice build, the kind of slim yet lean frame that Billy liked. Even his pretty brown eyes could give Stacy a run for his money. Billy tried to image Steve on his knees before him, his dick sliding out of the other boy's pink lips.

Nope. All Billy could see was Steve's red faced scowl. The guy would probably bite his dick off if give the opportunity. Maybe, if Billy had met Steve before Stacy it'd be different. Maybe he would have

focused more on turning the gold boy of Hawkins queer than day dreaming about some closeted mystery boy who's name he didn't even know. Billy shook that thought out of his head as well. 'Harrington ain't got shit on my boy.' There it was again. *My boy.*

Steve eventually came back to class but Billy didn't bother with him anymore. 'There'll be time for that later at practice.' He told himself. For now he could occupy his mind with Stacy. Billy let his day dreams take over as he fantasized about their next date.

**Author's Note:**

I had a teacher like "Mrs. Oswald". She was my freshman English teacher. She never wore a bra and would shout at students even when she was in a good mood. Yay menopause!